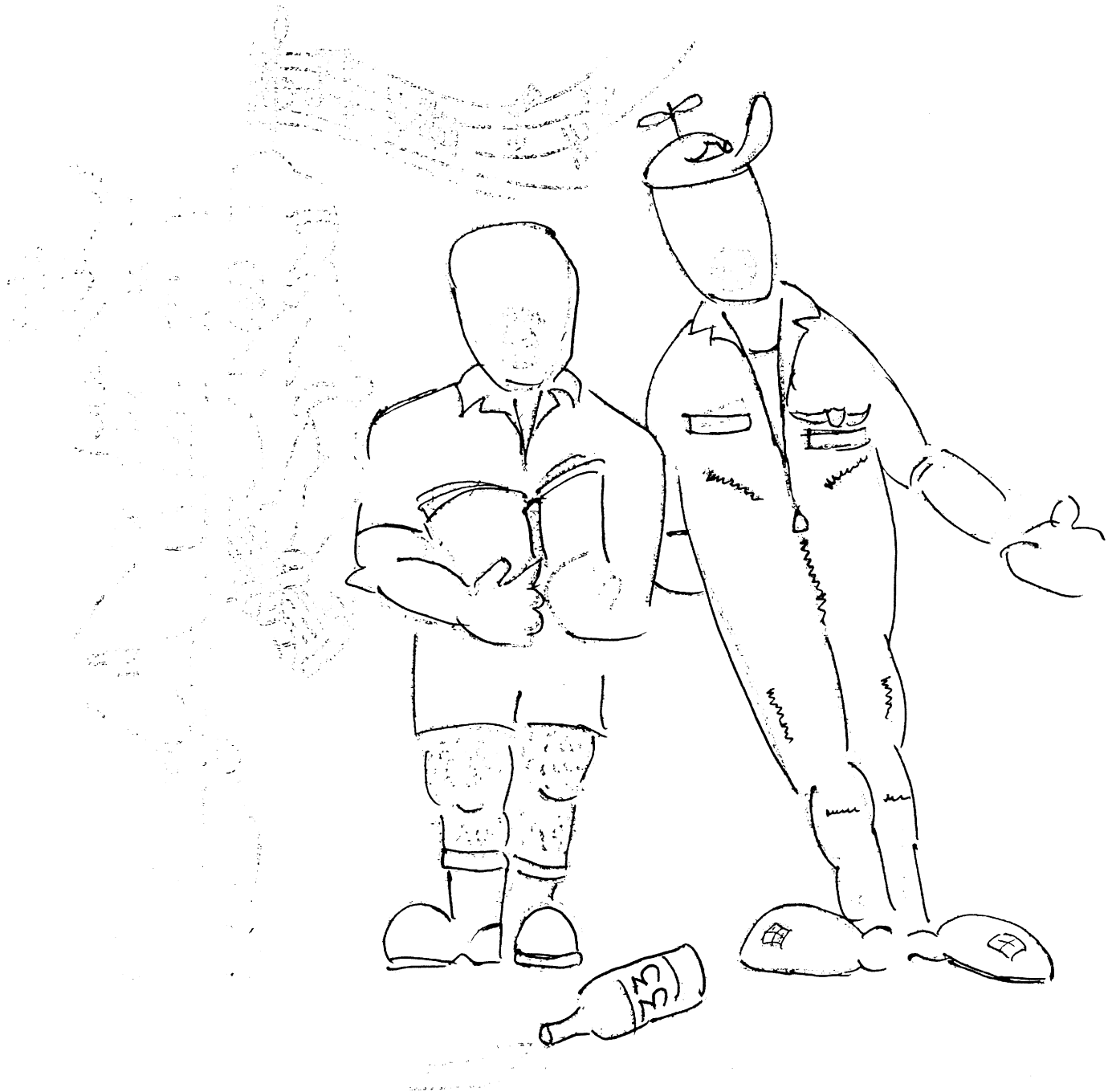


WILLIAM E. MCGEE
117th AVN. CO., APC 38
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BAWDY BALLADS

OF THE

117th HIMS



OLD SHEP
(Tune of Old Shep)

WHEN CHRIST WAS A CORPORAL, OLD SHEP WAS HIS AIDE
NARY A SOUL WOULD HAVE THOUGHT
THAT SOMEDAY HE'D RISE TO BECOME OUR C. O.
AND SOMETIMES WE WISH HE WERE NOT.

I REMEMBER THE TIMES DOWN AT MADAM KONTUM'S
WHEN OLD SHEP SET THE PACE FOR THE TROOPS
TWO THOUSAND "P" AT TWO HUNDRED A THROW
HE TOOK THEM ON IN LARGE GROUPS.

WE FOLLOWED HIS LEAD WHERE EVER HE WENT
WE FOLLOWED THROUGH CLOUDS TO BONG SON
AND WHENEVER THE RUNS OR THE G.I.S WE GET
WE FOLLOW OLD SHEP TO THE JOHN.

SOON SHEP WILL BE GONE WHERE THE GOOD MAJORS GO
IN THE PENTAGON HE'LL BE A WHEEL
WHEN HE GOES WE WILL BID HIM A FOND FAIR ADIEU
AND THEN MADAM KONTUM WILL WE SCREW.

Written for our Commanding Officer, Major William Sheppard "Shep" Aiton

FIVE HUNDRED BAGS
(Tune of 500 Miles Away From Home)

500 BAGS, 500 BAGS,
I'VE HAULED AT LEAST 500 BAGS
AND I HOPE THE SLOPE HEADS eat the rice I'VE HAULED
IF THEY CAN EAT THE RICE I'VE HAULED
I WILL SURELY BE APPALLED
'CAUSE I KNOW I'VE HAULED AT LEAST 500 BAGS.

100 PIGS, 100 PIGS,
I'VE HAULED AT LEAST 100 PIGS
YES, I'VE HAULED A HUNDRED PIGS IN MY HOG
IF YOU KNEW HOW BAD THEY SMELL
YOU WOULD RATHER BE IN HELL
THAN TO HAUL A HUDRED PIGS IN A HOG.

100 DUCKS, 300 DUCKS, \$OO DUCKS, A MILLION DUCKS,
YES, I'VE HAULED A MILLION DUCKS IN MY MACHINE
OH THEY START TO QUACK AND FLAP
THEN ON EVERYTHING THEY CRAP
OH I CAN'T RECALL THE DUCKS THAT I HAVE HAULED.

OLD NOUC MAM, THAT OLD NOUC MAM
OH I'VE HAULED BEAUCOUP NOUC MAM
YES I'VE HAULED BEAUCOUP NOUC MAM IN MY TIME
WHEN IT BREAKS IT SMELLS LIKE ~~SHIT~~ SHIT
AND WOULD GAG AN OLD MAGGOT
AND I HOPE I NEVER HAUL MORE NOUC MAM.

500 SLOPES, 500 SLOPES
YES I'VE HAULED 500 SLOPES
AND THE ODOR OF THEM HAUNTS MY NOSTRILS STILL
OH THE ODOR LINGERS STILL
EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE ON THAT HILL
YES, I KNOW I'VE HAULED AT LEAST 500 SLOPES.

I'VE HAULED OLD BRICKS
I'VE HAULED DEAD FISH
YES, I'VE EVEN HAULED K'NISCH
AND THE MEM'RY OF IT ALL LINGERS ON
AND I KNOW BEFORE I'VE GONE
THAT I'LL HAUL THE SLOPE HEADS' JOUN
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING I HAVEN'T HAULED.

Key of E

TAKE THESE WINGS
(Time Of Take These Chains From My Heart)

E

B-7

TAKE THESE WINGS FROM MY SHIRT AND ROTATE ME
TAKE THESE JUNGLE BOOTS AWAY AND SET ME FREE
I'VE BEEN STATIONED HERE TOO LONG
IN THIS FUCKING VIETNAM
TAKE THESE WINGS FROM MY SHIRT AND ROTATE ME

E

B-7

WON'T YOU TAKE THESE ~~PSY~~ WAR FLIGHTS AWAY FROM ME
AN HOUR SEEMS LIKE ETERNITY
DROPPING LEAFLETS FROM A PLANE
ONLY SHARPENS V.C. AIM
TAKE THESE WINGS FROM MY SHIRT AND ROTATE ME

WON'T YOU TAKE THESE TAXI HAULS AWAY FROM ME
HAULING HIGH-RANKED SLOPES IS NOT MY CUP OF TEA
OH ME GO FROM VILL TO VILL
I'D RATHER LEAVE THEM ON A HILL
TAKE THESE WINGS FROM MY SHIRT AND ROTATE ME

WON'T YOU TAKE THESE ONE SHIP FLIGHTS AWAY FROM ME
THE HEMORRHOIDS THEY CAUSE ARE MISERY
MY ASS HOLE STILL GETS TIGHT WHEN THEY SAY GO FLY AT NIGHT
TAKE THESE WINGS FROM MY SHIRT AND ROTATE ME

WON'T YOU TAKE THE CLAP AND PLAGUE AWAY FROM ME
BEFORE I GO I'LL SURE HAVE LEPROSY
OH THERE'S GREEN AND SCABBY SORES
FESTERING ON THE LOCAL WHORES
TAKE THESE WINGS FROM MY SHIRT AND ROTATE ME

WON'T YOU TAKE THESE SLANT-EYED WHORES AWAY FROM ME
THIS HORIZONTAL PUSSY'S KILLING ME
DRINKING EXPORT 33, (BAUMY BAUMS) THE BEER FOR ME
TAKE THESE WINGS FROM MY SHIRT AND ROTATE ME

BA Houi BA's

MADAM KONTUM
(Tune of Davy Crockett)

^E SHE STARTED OUT IN FORTY-THREE
^A THE JAPANESE WERE HERE YOU SEE ^A
^{B-7} THE PRICE AINT CHANGED IT WILL ALWAYS BE
ONE PIECE OF PUSSY FOR TWO HUNDRED P

CHORUS: ^A MADAM, ^E MADAM KONTUM, ^{B-7} QUEEN OF THE QUINHON WHORES ^E

THEN CAME THE FRENCH A BRAND NEW RACE
THEY FOUGHT WITH THEIR FEET AND FUCKED WITH THEIR FACE
BUT MADAM KONTUM TURNED EVERY TRICK
FOR IN THOSE DAYS SHE WAS STILL A YOUNG CHICK

THE YANKS MOVED IN FROM THE USA
BUT THEY'RE NOT HERE FOR LONG TO STAY
FOR OL' MAX TAYLOR SAID THE OTHER DAY
BY '65 WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY

NOW MADAM K TOOK THESE WORDS TO HEART
AND FOR OUR BOYS IS DOING HIR PART
THE CLEANEST WHORES THAT CAN BE BOUGHT
GONORRHEA IS ALL THAT WE'VE CAUGHT

MADAM WAS FOND OF OUR OLD BOSS
SHE KEPT HIM FROM BEING SO DOGGONED CROSS
PUBLIC RELATIONS IS WHAT HE SAID
IT WAS SEXUAL RELATIONS WHEN THEY WENT TO BED

SOMEDAY WHEN WE ALL ARE GONE
THE MADAM'S LEGEND WILL LINGER ON
THE JAPS, THE FROGS, THE YANKS ARE THROUGH
IT'S V.C. CHARLIES TURN TO SCREW

REPEAT CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE

C D 3

THE KAMAKAZIE PILOT'S LAMENT
(Tune Of The Red River Valley)

D

IT WAS ON A DARK RAINY MORNING
OPERATIONS GAVE ME THE WORD ^G
TO THE BONG SON VALLEY YOU'RE GOING ²
SO GO CRANK UP YOUR LITTLE BROWN ~~TO~~ BIRD.

AFTER FINDING MY V.C. OBSERVER
I BEGAN THE LONG TREK TO MY PLANE
AFTER TRUDGING THE LENGTH OF THE RUNWAY
I SAW IT THERE IN THE RAIN

FAST I KICKED THE TIRE ON THE RIGHT SIDE
PROCEEDED AROUND THEN DID STOP
WHEN I HEARD MY V.C. OBSERVER
SHOUTING "SWITCHES ON... CLEAR THE PROP"

FIRST I STRAPPED ON MY PISTOL
AND DONNED MY BULKY FLAK VEST
I STRAPPED ON MY CHUTE AND MY HARNESS
BUT FORGOT MY YELLOW MAY WEST

I CALLED THE TOWER FOR INSTRUCTIONS
AND THEN TAXIED SOUTH ON THE RAMP
WHEN I GAVE THE BEAST THE FULL THROTTLE
IT FLEW OFF THE GROUND LIKE A CHAMP

THE CLIMB OUT WAS NOT TOO EVENTFUL
AS I CLIMBED THROUGH THE MIST AND THE HAZE
TILL I REACHED THE END OF THE RUNWAY
THAT FORECAST WAS SURE OUT OF PHASE

FAST ON I DODGED THROUGH THE VALLEYS AND CANYONS
AND SEARCHED TO THE LEFT AND TO THE RIGHT
WHEN TWO TRACERS RIPPED THROUGH MY COWLING
I KNEW THAT THIS WAS THE SITE

FAST MY OBSERVER THEN MADE A STATEMENT
AS I STARTED MY SPIN, DIVE, AND DODGE
WHEN HE SECUTED "V.C. SHOOT" IN THE HEADSET
AND I ANSWERED "MAN THAT'S A FUCKIN' ROGE" "

FAST THE SECOND BURST TORE OFF MY RUDDER
THE ENGINE QUIT FROM THE THIRD
WITH STREAMS OF FIRE ALL AROUND ME
I DEPARTED MY LITTLE BROWN BIRD

SO SOMEDAY WHEN YOU ARE FLYING
IN THE PROVINCE OF OLD BINH DIEM
YOU MAY SEE A RED KAMAKAZIE
I WORK NOW FOR COMRADE HO CHI MINH

SOUTH OF THE MEKONG
(Tune of South Of The Border)

C G-7 C
IT WAS ONE SUNDAY, THE TROOPS WERE ALL THERE G-7
AND WHEN WE HEARD THE WORDS THE MAJOR SAID, WE SAID A PRAYER
THREE SHIPS ARE GOING, NOT TO RETURN C
SOUTH OF THE MEKONG, FOR MEDALS TO EARN

OF COURSE: G-7 C G-7 C
OH DON'T YOU SEE, IN THE UTT, HEROES YOU'LL BE IN THE UTT ← U.T.T.

OVER THE SILENCE, THERE CAME A LOUD CRY
YOU'VE GOTTEN TO BAM ME THUOT WHERE I CAN'T DO IT AND OLD QUANG NGAI
MY BROTHERS ARE PAID UP, ANN'S WAITING TOO
IF I GO SOUTH OF THE MEKONG, I'LL HAVE NO ONE TO SCREW

UTILITY
TACTICAL
TRANS.
Co.

I WISE MY PILOTS, THE MAJOR THEN SAID
NO SOMEBODY HEARD THE WORDS WERE OUT WE HEARD A SHOUT AND TURNED ABOUT
"THE CAPTAIN" WAS THE FIRST ONE TO GET IN THE LINE
BUT OUR FIRST VOLUNTEER WAS GOOSSED FROM BEHIND

THE NEXT TWO UP, HAD GIVEN MUCH THOUGHT
THEY HAD NAMED DAVE SEEMED MIGHTY BRAVE WERE THE TRUTH BUT KNOWN
BOTH MISSING EQUIPMENT AND REPORTS OVERDUE
THEIR TROUSERS GREENIES AND JACKIE WON'T SCREW

THEN CAME ANOTHER WITH MOTIVE SO RARE
IT'S NOT REPORTS, IT'S NOT THE GIRLS, IT'S SILVERWARE
ALL OF OUR SPOONS, AND MOST OF THE FORKS
GO SOUTH OF THE MEKONG WHEN MCROBERTS DEPARTS

A BOY FROM THE SOUTH DON'T FEEL RIGHT UP HEAH
AIN'T GOT NO GRITS, CAN'T GET POONTANG MY REASONS CLEAR
SOUTH OF THE MEKONG, SO THEY'VE BEEN TELLIN'
THERE'S PLENTY OF RIPE AND WARM WATERMELON

THEN CAME THREE OTHERS WHO HAD JUST GOTTEN HERE
BUT WHY THEY CAME TO SIGN THEIR NAME IS NOT QUITE CLEAR
THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN, THE REST BREATHED A SIGH
THEY'LL FLY IN THE DELTA, MUCH BETTER THAN I

BUT ON THE NEXT DAY, THE COLONEL STEPPED IN
SOMEY ABOUT THAT SHIT CAN'T LET YOU QUIT I NEED YOU MEN
GIVE ME SIX OTHERS WHO DON'T WANT TO GO
SOUTH OF THE MEKONG TO JOIN THE BIG SHOW

ALL YOU YOUNG PILOTS, WHO WANT TO STAY HERE
THE SUREST WAY TO GET YOUR WISH IS TO VOLUNTEER
HOLD UP YOUR RIGHT HAND, BE FIRST IN THE LINE
YOU CAN UNPACK YOUR BAGS, YOU'RE STAYING BEHIND

REPEAT CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE

GIVE MY REGARDS TO SAIGON
(Tune of Give My Regards to Broadway)

GIVE MY REGARDS TO SAIGON, REMEMBER ME TO ~~MAMAM~~ CHO LON TOO
TELL ALL THE GIRLS DOWN ON TU DO STREET, THAT THEY AND I ARE THROUGH
WELL ITS GOODBYE, FAREWELL TO NOUC MAM, BA MOUI BA, AND BIER LA ROU
GIVE MY REGARDS TO OLD SAIGON, AND TO HELL WITH MADAM NHU.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO HANOI, REMEMBER ME TO HO CHI MINH